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ADVENTURE

By JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER XVI.

"PLEASE DON'T HE ANGRY WITH ME." FTER Dr. Welshmere and the Apostle departed and Captain Oleson had turned in for a sleep in a veranda hammock Sheldon opened Joan's letter:

Sheldon opened Joan's letter:

'Dear Mr. Sheldon-Please forgive me for stealing the Flinberty Glibbet. I simply had to. The Martha means everything to us. Think of it, only £25 for her, £75! If I don't save her. I know I shall be able to pay all expenses out of her gear which the natives will not have carried off. And if I do save her it is the haul of a lifetime. And if I don't save her I'll fill the Emily and the Filbberty Glibbet with recruits. Recruits are needed right now on lierande more than anything else.

And please, please don't be angry with me. You said I shouldn't go recruiting on the Filbberty, and I won't. I'll go on the Emily.

me You said I shouldn't go recruiting on the Flibberty, and I won't. I'll go on the Flibberty and I would trader at Nogi died of fever, and I bought them from his partner—Sam Willis his name—who agrees to deliver them, most likely by the Minerva next time she is down that way. Berande has been long enough on timed milk.

And Dr. Weinnmere has agreed to get me same orange and lime trees from the mission station at Ulava. He will deliver them the next trip of the Apostile. If the Sydney sitemer arrives before I get back plant the sweet corn she will bring between the young trees on the high bank of the Batesina. The current is eating in against that bank, and you should do semething to save it.

I have ordered some fig trees and loquats, ton, from Sydney. Dr. Weishmere will bring some mango seeds. They are big trees and require plenty of room.

The Martha is registered 110 tons. She is the biggest schooner in the Bolomons and the best. I saw a little of her lines and guess the rest. She will sail like a witch. If she nam't filled with water her engine will be all right. The reason she went ashore was because it was not working. The engineer had disconnected the feed pipes to clean out the rust. Poor hudness unless at anchor or with plenty of sea room.

Plant all the trees in the gompound even

Plant all the trees in the compound even If you have to clean out the paims later

And don't plant the sweet corn all at once. Let a few days elapse between dentings. JOAN LACKLAND. ptantings.

He dogered the letter, lingering over it and scrutinizing the writing in a way that was not his wont. How characteristic, was his thought, as be studied the boyish scrawl-clear to read, painfully clear, but none the less

He looked long at the name. Joan Lackland-just an assemblage of letters, of commonplace letters, but an assemblage that generated a subtle heady magic. It crept into his brain and twined and twisted his mental processes until all that constituted him at that moment went out in love to that serawied signature. Joan Lack-tand: Each time he looked at it there arose visions of her in a myriad moods and guises, coming in out of the flying smother of the gale that had wrecked her schooner, hunching a whaleboat to go a fishing, running dripping from the sea with streaming hair and clinging garments to the fresh water show er, frightening fourscore cannibals with an empty chlorodyne bottle, juventiely rattling on about romance venture, bright eyed, her face flushed and enger with enthusiasm Joan Lackland: He mused over the cryptic wonder of it till the secrets of love were made clear and he felt a keen sympathy for lovers who carved their names on trees or wrote them on the beach sands of the sea.

Then be came back to reality, and his face hardened. Even then she was on the wild coast of Mainita and at Poonga Poonga, of all villainous and dangerous portions the worst, peopied with a teeming population of head hunters, robbers and murderers. For the instant he entertained the rash thought of calling his boat's crew and starting immediately in a whaleboat for Poonga Poonga. But the next in-stant the idea was dismissed. What could be do if he did go? First she would resent it. Next she would laugh at bim and call him a silly.

There was much in her willful con-

duct that caused him to wince in the heart of him. He was appatted by the thought of her shoulder to shoul-der with the drunken rabble of traders and beach combers at Guvuru. It was bad enough for a clean, fastidious man, but for a young woman, a girl at that, it was awful. The theft of the Flibberty Gibbet was merely amusing. though the means by which the theft had been effected gave him burt. be found consolation in the fact that the task of making Oleson drunk had been turned over to the three scoundreis. And next and swiftly came the vision of her, alone with those same three scoundrels, on the Emily, sailing out to sea from Guvutu in the twilight with darkness coming on. Then came visious of Adama Adam and Noa Nonh and all her brawny Tabitian following. and his anxiety faded away, being re placed by irritation that she should have been capable of such wildness of conduct. And the irritation was still on him as he got up and went fuside to store at the book on the wall and to wish that her Stetson but and revolver belt were hanging from it.

Several quiet weeks slipped by.

rande for an hour while landing mail, supplies and the trees and seeds Joan had ordered. The Minerva, bound for Cope Marsh, brought the two cows from Nogl. And the Apostle, hurrying back to Tulagi to connect with the Sydney steamer, sent a boat ashore with the orange and lime trees from Ulava. And these several weeks marked a period of perfect weather.

Then came the long expected norwester. For eight days it .aged, juli ing at times to short durations of caim, then shifting a point or two and raging with renewed violence.

It was in the good weather that followed one of the bouse boys ran him down with the news that the Martha. the Filbberty Gibbet and the Emily were heading in for the anchorage. Coming into the compound from the

rear. Sheidon saw everything at once-first, a glimpse at the sea, where the floated huge alongside the cutter and the ketch which had rescued ber; and next, the ground in front of the vernnda steps, where a great crowd of fresh caught cannibals stood at attention. From the fact that each was attired in a new, snow white lava-inva. Sheldon knew that they were recruits. Part way up the steps one of them was just backing down into the crowd, while another, called out by name, was coming up. It was Joan's voice that had called him, and Shelfon reined in his horse and watched. She sat at the head of the steps, be hind a table, between Munster and his white mate, the three of them checking long lists, Joan asking the questions and writing the answers in the big, red covered, Berande labor jour-

"What name?" she demanded of the black man on the steps.

"Tagari," came the answer, accompanied by a grin and a rolling of curi-



ONE OF THE HOUSE BOYS RAN HIM DOW!

WITH THE NEWS. eyes; for it was the first white man's house the black had ever seen The black stepped down, and another mounted to take his place. But Tagari just before he reached the bottom step caught sight of Sheldon. was the first horse the fellow had ever seen, and he let out a frightened screech and dashed madly up the steps. At the same moment the great mass of blacks surged away punic stricken from Sheidon's vicinity. The grinning house boys shouted encour agement and explanation, and the stampede was checked, the new caught head hunters huddling closely togeth er and staring dublously at the fear

"Hello!" Jonn called out, "What do you mean by frightening all my boys?

"What do you think of them?" she asked when they had shaken hands. "And what do you think of her?" with a wave of the hand toward the Mar-tha. "I thought you'd deserted the plantation and that I might as well go ahead and get the men into barracks. Aren't they beauties? Do you see that one with the split nose? He's the Poonga-Poonga const, and they said the Poonga-Poonga natives wouldn't recruit. Just look at them and con-gratulate me. They're men, every last one of them. I have such a long story I don't know where to begin, and I won't' begin anyway till we're through with this and until you have told me that you are not angry with

"Ogu, what pince belong you?" she went on with her catechism. But Ogu was a bushman, lacking knowledge of the aimost universal mer English, and half a dozen of his fellows wrangled to ex

"There are only two or three more," Joan said to Sheldon, "and then we're done. But you haven't told me that

you are not angry." Sheldon looked into her clear eyes as she favored him with a direct, untroubled gaze that threatened, he knew from experience, to turn teasingly defiant on an instant's notice. And as he looked at her, it came to him that he had never half anticipated the glad-

ness her return would bring to him.
"I was angry," he said deliberately. "I am still angry, very angry"-be noted the gilnt of defiance to her eyes and thrilled-"but I forgave, and now forgive all over again. Though 1 still insist"-

"That I should have a guardian," The steamer from Sydney, the Kam-mambo, broke the quietude of Be-never come. Thank goodness, I'm of

eget age and able to transpet basi ress in my own right. And, spenking of business, how do you like my force for American methods?"

"Mr Raff, from what I bear, doesn't take kindly to them." he temporized. bones rattling for many a day. But what I want to know is, if other American women are as successful inbusiness ventures?"

"Luck, 'most all luck," she disclaim ed modestly, though her eyes tighted with sudden pleasure, and he knew her boy's vaulty had been touched by his trifle of tempered praise.

"Luck be blowed!" broke out the long mate. Sparrowhawk, his face shining with admiration. "It was hard work, that's what it was. We earned our pay. She worked us till we dropped, and we were down with fever half the time. So was she, for that matter, only she wouldn't stay down and she wouldn't let us stay down. My word, she's a slave driver. An' the Lord lumme, the way she made love to old Kina-Kina!"

"He was older than Telepasse and dirtier," she assured Sheldon, "and I am sure much wickeder. Now I must run and wash up. Did the Sydney orders arrive?"

"Yours are in your quarters," Shel-"Hurry, for breakfast in waiting. Let me have your hat and belt. Do, please, allow me. There's only one book for them, and I know

She gave him a quick scrutiny that was almost womanlike, then sighed with relief as she unbuckled the heavy

"I doubt if I ever want to see nuother revolver," she complained. "That one has worn a bole in me, I'm sure. I never dreamed I could get so weary

Sheldon watched her to the foot of the steps, where she turned and called back:

"My, I can't tell you how good it is

be home aguin!"
"And Burnett said, 'Well, I'll be d-d! I beg your pardon, Miss Lack-land, but you have wantonly broken the recruiting laws and you know it," Captain Munster narrated as they sat over their whisky, waiting for Joan to come back. "And says she to him, Mr. Burnett, can you show me any law against taking the passengers off a vessel that's on a reef? What could Burnett do? He passed the whole hundred and fifty, though the Emily was only licensed for torty and the Filbberty Gibbet for thirty-five." "But I don't understand," Sheldon

"This is the way she worked it. When the Martha was floated we bad to beach her right away at the head of the bay, and whilst repairs were on, a new rudder being made, salls bent, gear recovered from th niggers, and so forth, Miss Lackland borrows Sparrowhawk to run the Flib berty along with Curtis, lends me Brahms to take Sparrowhawk's place and starts both craft off recruiting. My word, the niggers came easy. It was virgin ground. Since the Scot-tish Chiefs no recruiter had ever even tried to work the coast. When we filled up we came back to see how the

Martha was progressing."
"And thinking we was going home with our recruits," Sparrowhawk slipped in. "Lord lumme, that Miss Lackiand ain't never satisfied. 'I'll take 'em on the Martha,' says she, 'and you can go back and fill up again."

"But I told her it couldn't be done," Munster went on. "I told ber the Martin badn't a license for recruiting. she said, 'It can't be done, eh? and she stood and thought a few min-

"And I'd seen her think before," cried Sparrowhnwk, "and I knew at wunst that the thing was as good as

Munster lighted his cigarette and re-

" 'You see that spit,' she says to me. with the little ripple breaking around it and on it, and it will set you nicely aground. Thep I'll rescue your re-cruits and sali away-simple, sin't it? says she," Munster continued. "'You hang up one tide,' says she: 'the next is the big high water. Then you bedge



"I DOUBT IF I EVER WANT TO SEE AN OTHER REVOLVER.

off and go after more recruits. There's

empty.' But there is against starving 'em.' I said. 'You know there sin't any kal-kal to speak of aboard of us and

there sin't a crumb on the Martha.'
"'Don't let the kal-kal worry you, Captain Munster,' says she, 'If I can find grub for eighty-four mouths on the Martha, the two of you can do as much by your two vessels. Now go ahead and get aground before a steady breeze comes up and spolis the maneuver. I'll send my boats the mo-ment you strike."

"And we went and did it," Sparrowhawk said solemnly and then emit-ted a series of chuckling noises. "Miss Lackland transferred the recruits, and

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. UT where was she during the bor'wester?" Sheldon asked. there as it was coming on and laid there the whole week and traded for grub with the piggers. When we got to Tulagi there she was waiting for us and scrapping with Burnett. I tell you, Mr. Sheldon, she's wonder, that girl, a perfect won-

Munster retilled his glass, and while Sheldon ginneed neross at Joan's house, anxious for her coming, Sparrowhawk took up the tale.

"Gritty! She's the grifflest thing. man or woman, that ever blew into the Solomons. You should have seen onga-Poonga the morning we arrived-Sniders papping on the beach and in the mangroves, war drums booming in the bush and signal smokes raising everywhere. 'it's all up,' says Cap-tain Munster. 'Up your gramp,' she says to him," Sparrowhawk went on. Why, we haven't arrived yet, much less got started. Wait till the an chor's down before you get afraid. "That's what she said to me," Mun-

ster proclaimed. "And of course it me mad, so that I didn't care what happened. We tried to se boat ashore for a powwow, but it was fired upon, 'What we want,' says Miss Lackland, 'is a hostage. I'm going ashore tonight to fetch Kina-Kina bimself on board, and I'm not asking who's game to go with me, for I've got every man's work arranged for bim. I'm taking my sallors with me and one white man.' 'Of course I'm that white man,' I said, for by that time I was mad. 'Of course you're says she. 'You'll have charge of covering boat. Curtis stands by landing boat. Fowler goes with Brahms takes charge of the Fliband Sparrowhawk of the Emily And we start at 1 o'clock.

"My word, it was a tough job lying there in the covering boat. I never thought doing nothing could be such hard work. We stopped about fifty futhous off and watched the other bont go in.

ourse there was a row. It had to come, and I knew it, but it startled me just the same. I never heard such screeching and yelling in my life. The niggers must have just dived for the bush without looking to see what was up, while her Tahltians let loose, shooting in the air and yelling to burry 'em And then I heard them coming through the mangroves and an out strike on a gunwale and Miss Lackland laugh, and I knew everything was all right. We pulled on board without a shot being fired. And there was old Kinn-Kina himself, being holsted over the rail, shivering and chattering like an upe. The rest was Kina-Kina's and he was scared to death. And we kept him on board issuing proclamations all the time we were in Poonga-

Poonga. "It was a good move, too, in other ways. She made Kina-Kina order his people to return all the gear they'd stripped from the Marthn. She—here comes now."

It was with a shock of surprise that Sheldon greeted her appearance. The ready made clothes from Sydney had transformed her. A simple skirt and shirt waist of some sort of wash goods set off her trim figure with a hint of elegant womanhood that was new to him. Brown slippers peeped out as she crossed the compound, and he once caught a glimpse to the ankle of brown open brown openwork stockings. bow she had been made many times the woman by these mere extraneous truppings.

"I've opened up a new field," she said as she began pouring the coffee. "Old Kina-Kina will never forget me, I'm sure, and I can recruit there when ever I want. I saw Morgan at Guvutu He's willing to contract for a thousand boys at 40 shillings per head. Did l tell you that I'd taken out a recruiting ficense for the Martha? I did, and the Martha can sign eighty boys every trip.

Sheldon smiled a trifle bitterly to himself. The wonderful woman who had tripped across the compound in Sydney clothes was gone, and he was listening to the boy come back er in hill the title it size the

"Well." Joan said, with a sigh, "I've shown you hustling American methods that succeed and get somewhere. and here you are beginning your muddling again." Joan stood beside Sheldon and sigh-

ed as she watched the Martha beating out to sea, old Kinross, brought over from Save, in command. "My, but she is a witch! Look at

her eating up the water, and there's no wind to speak of. Honestly, if I'd dreamed of the chance waiting for me at Guyutu when I bought her for less than \$300 I'd never have gone partners with you. And in that case I'd be sailing her right now." The justice of her contention came

abruptly home to Sheldon. "You make the feet like a big man

no law against recruiting when you're who has robbed a small child of a lol-

ly," he said, with sudden contrition. "And the small child is crying for it."

She looked at him, and he noted that her lip was slightly trembling and that ber eyes were moist.
"But the small child won't cry any

more for it," she was saying. "This is the last sob. But some day I'm going to sail the Martha again. I know IL I know it." In reply, and quite without premedi-

tation, his hand went out to hers, covering it as it lay on the railing. But he knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was the boy that returned the pressure he gave, the boy sorrowing over the lost toy. The thought

"Never mind," he said, "You can go sailing on the Martha any time you please-recruiting on Maiaita if you want to.

It was a great concession be making, and be felt that be did it against his better judgment. Her reception of it was a surprise to him.

"With old Kinross in command?" she queried. "No, thank you. He'd drive me to suicide. I couldn't stand his handling of her. I'll never step on the Martha again unless it is to take charge of ber. I'm a sailor, like my father, and he could never bear to see a vessel mishandled."

An hour later, just as they were riding out of the compound, Sheldon ginneed at her sharply and noted her face mottling, even as he looked, and turning orange and green,

"It's the fever," she said. "I'll have to turn back."

By the time they were in the compound she was shivering and shaking. and be had to help ber from her horse "Funny, isn't it?" she said, with chattering teeth. "Like seasickness-not serious, but horribly miserable while it lasts. I'm going to bed. Send Non Nonh and Vinburi to me. Tell Ornfirl to make hot water. 1'll be out of my head in fifteen minutes. But I'll be all right by evening. Short and sharp is the way it takes me."

Sheldon obeyed ber instructions, rushed hot water bottles along to her and then sat on the verauda glancing icross the compound to the grass house. Yes, he decided, the contention of every white man in the islands was right-the Solomons was no place for woman.

He clapped his hands and Lalaperu

came running.
"Here, you." be ordered; "go along barracks, bring 'm black fella Mary. plenty too much, altogether." A few minutes later the dozen black

men of Berande were ranged before him. He looked them over critically, finally selecting one that was young, comely as such creatures went, and whose body bore no signs of skin dis-

"What name, you," he demanded. Sangul?"

"Me Mahua," was the answer. "All right, you fella Mahua. finish cook along boys. You stop along white Mary. All the time you stop You savvee?"

"Me savee," she grunted and obeyed his gesture to go to the grass house immediately.

"What name?" he asked Viaburi. who had just come out of the grass house.
"Big fella sick," was the answer.

"White fella Mary talk 'm too much allee time. Allee time talk 'm big fel-Sheldon nodded. He understood. It

was the loss of the Martha that had brought on the fever. He lighted a ignrette, and in the curling smoke of it enught visions of his English moth er and wondered if she would understand how her son could love a wo man who cried because she could not be skipper of a schooner in the can nibat isles.

The most putlent man in the world is prone to impatience in love, and Sheldon was in love

But now to approach her? He divined the Innationi jove of freedom in straint of any sort. No man could ever put his arm around her and wit She would flutter away like a frightened bird Approach by contact -that, he realized, was the one thing he must never do. His hand clasp must be what it had always been-the hand clasp of bearty friendship, and nothing more. And then, one morning, quite fortuitously the opportunity

"My dearest wish is the success of Berande," Joan had just said apropos of a discussion about the cheapening of freights on copra to market.

"Do you mind if I tell you the dearest wish of my heart?" he promptly returned. "I long for it. I dream about it. It is my dearest desire. It is for you some day when you are ready to be my wife." She started back from him as if she

had been stung. Her face went white on the instant, not from maidenly embarrassment, but from the anger which he could see flaming in her eyes. "This taking for granted! This when I am ready!" she cried passion-

ately. "Listen to me, Mr. Sheldon, I like you very well, though you are slow and a muddler, but I want you to understand once and for all that I did not come to the Solomons to get married. Getting married is not making my way in the world. It may do for some women, but not for me, thank When I sit down to talk over the freight on copra I don't care to have proposals of marriage sandwiched in Resides-hesides"-Her voice broke for the moment, and

when she went on there was a note of appent in it that well nigh convicted him to bimself of being a brute

"Don't you see? It spails everything. It makes the whole situation impos-

ship and was proud of it. Don't you see? I can't go on being your partner if you make love to me. And I was so happy!"

Tears of disappointment were in her eyes, and she caught a swift sob in her

"Such unusual situations between men and women cannot endure. I told you so at the beginning."

"Oh, yes; it is quite clear to me what you did. You took good care to ware me against every other man in the Solomons except yourself."

It was a blow in the face to Sheldon He smarted with the truth of it, and at the same time be smarted with what he was convinced was the injustice of it. A gleam of triumph that flickered in her eye because of the kit she had made decided him. "It is not so one sided as you seem

to think it is," he began. "I was do-ing very nicely on Berande before you came. I did not want you to stay. I wasn't in love with you then. I wanted you to go to Sydney, to go back to Hawall. But you insisted on staying. You virtually"-

He paused for a softer word than the one that had risen to his tips, and she took it away from him.

"Forced myself on you-that's what you meant to say," she cried, the flags of battle painting her cheeks. ahend. Don't mind my feelings."
"All right. I won't." he said deci-

dvely, realizing that the discussion was in danger of becoming a vituperative, schoolboy argument. "You have insisted on being considered us a man Consistency would demand that you talk like a man and like a man listen to man talk. And listen you shall it is not your fait that this unpleasaptness has arisen. I do not binme you for anything-remember that-and for the same reason you should not blame me for anything.

"You can't belp being yourself. You can't help being a very desirable creature so far as I am concerned. have made me want you. You didn't intend to; you didn't try to. You were so made, that is all. And I was so made that I was ripe to wast you But I can't help being myself. I can't by an effort of will cease from wanting you any more than you by an effort of will can make yourself unde strable to me." "Oh, this desire, this want, want,

want!" she broke in rebelliously. am not quite a fool. I understand some things. I really think it would be a good idea for me to marry Noa Nonh or Adamu Adam or Lalapere there or any black boy. Then I could give him orders and keep him penned away from me and men like you would leave me alone and not talk marriage and 'I want, I want.'

Sheldon inughed in spite of himself and far from any genuine impulse to laugh.

"You are positively soulless," he said savagely.
"Because I've a soul that doesn't

yearn for a man for master?" she took up the gauge. "Very well, then, I am soulless, and what are you going to do about it?" "I am going to ask you why you look like a woman? Why you have the form of a woman, the lips of a woman, the wouderful hair of a woman? And

I am going to answer because you are a woman, though the woman in you is asleep and that some day the woman "Beaven forbid!" she cried in such

rudden and genuine dismay as to make him laugh and to bring a smile to her own lips against berseif. "I've got some more to say to you,"

Sheldon pursued. "I did try to protect you from every other man in the Solomons and from yourself as well. for me, I didn't dream that danger lay in that quarter. So I falled to protect you from myself. I failed to protect you at all. You went your own wilful way just as though I didn't existwrecking schooners, recruiting on Ma laits and sailing schooners, one lone unprotected girl in the company of Solomons. I love you for that too. I love you for all of you, just as you

She made a moue of distaste and raised a hand protestingly.

are.

"Don't." he said. "You have no right to recoil from the mention of my love for you. Remember, this is a talk. From the point of view of the talk, you are a man. The woman in you is only incidental, accidental and irrelevant. You've got to histen to the hald statement of fact, strange though it is, that I love you. You are better off and safer on Berande, in spite of the fact that I love you. than anywhere else in the Solomons. But want you, as a tion! item of man talk. to remember from time to time that love you and that it will be the dear est day of my life when you consen to marry me. I want you to think of it sometimes. And now we won't talk about it any more. As between men. there's my band."

He held out his hand. She bestrated. then gripped it beartily and smiled through ber tears.

"I wish"- she faltered, "I wish, in stead of that black Mary, you'd given me somebody to swear for me. And with this enigmatic utterance

she turned away.

(Continued Next Saturday)



TWO WOMEN TESTIFY

"I warned you." be said gravely. What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Their Health-Their own Statements Follow.

> New Moorefield, Ohio. - "I take great leasure in thanking you for what your Vegetable Compound



pains, was dizzy and weak, had pains in lower back and could not be upon my feet long enough to get a meal. As long as I haid on my back I would feel better, but when I would get up those bearing

down pains would come back, and the doctor said I had female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was the only medicine that helped me and I have been growing stronger ever since I commenced to take it. I hope it will help other suffering women as it has me. You can use this letter."—Mrs. CASSIE LLOYD, New Moorefield, Clark Co., Ohio.

Read What This Woman Says:

South Williamstown, Mass. - "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cer-E. Finkham a vegetable Compound cer-tainly has done a great deal for me. Be-fore taking it I suffered with backache and pains in my side. I was very irreg-ular and I had a bad female weakness, ular and I had a bar I emale weakness, especially after periods. I was always tired, so I thought I would try your med-icine. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt so much better that I got another and now I am a well woman. I wish more women would take your medicine. I have told my friends about it."—Mrs. ROBERT COLT. Box 45, South Williams town, Mass.

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